

PASQVILS FOOLES-CAP

SENT TO SVCH (TO
keepe their weake braines warme)

as are not able to conceiue aright

of his Mad-cap.

by Nicholas Breton

With Pasquils PASSION for
the worlds waywardnesse.

Begun by himselſe, and finiſhed by his
Friend MORPHORIVS.



(3)

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R.B.

Inf. Ridicularis

4° L. 71 Art. (3)

43

SHIRAZ

W. J. ...

... and ...



... ..

TO MY VERY GOOD
friende, Master *Edward Conquest*,
as much happinesse from Hea-
uen, as his worthy heart can wish.

 I R, to forget your vnderferued kindnesse, were
a note out of my nature; & yet how kindly to
requite it, is many notes about my ability. But
as a lame man, that strives to goe, shewes hee
would runne, if hee had legges: so, in the hu-
mour of my *good will*, imagin a *Desire* of a grea-
ter matter. But leauing these complements, and to come to
my purpose; as I haue found you a kinde *Spelator* of my *La-*
bours, so let mee entreat you, at my hands to accept this trea-
tise, with a foolish *title*. Where, if *VV*is haue plaid the *Wagge*,
let him not haue his name for nothing: and where you finde a
head fit for this *Cappe*, either bestowe it vpon him in charity,
or send him where he may haue them for his money. I know
you are acquainted with many that well deserue it: whome,
least they should be mistaken for better men, I pray you giue
them the *Cappe* for their *Cognisauce*. And so, hoping that
your *discretion* will beare with my *imperfection*, to finde no
better worke, to giue notice of my good will; I rest, with much
thankfulnesse, in more *Affection* than *Protestation*.

Tours assured, to command,
N. B.

To the Reader.



OV that Read, to tearme you Gentle and
be not, you would thinke I did mocke you: &
therefore giue me leaue to thinke of you, as
I finde you. But to the matter: Mad-cap
hath past one fit, and new is fallen into a-
nother: what it is, you may partly guesse by
the Title. For, in a Foole, is hidde a great deale of vaine
matter: which you shall heere finde runne ouer, in a fewe Ver-
ses; not the best that euer you redde, nor perhaps the worst
that you may meete with. But to be short, what Pasquill be-
gun, Morphorius hath ended: how well I say not: but the
better, if you like it: to whose kindnesse, in hope of patience, I
commis it; and so abruptly I leaue it.

Your friend:



TO HIS HONEST
friende *Pasquill*, in all haste.

* * *



Riende *Pasquill*, hearing of late of the paines that thou hast taken in reprehending of the *wicked* (among the spirits of best condition, not a little comēded) I haue thought good (finding the corruption of this *Age*) to put a *Foole*, to thy *Knaue*. Among which weak witted brains, I haue not let slip such Beetle headed *Asses*, as taking vpon the the worke of thy *Wit* (in seeking to rob thee of thy *VVorthinesse*) haue shewed the height of their *Foolishnesse*. Who, among other such wise people, finding their names but in their Natures, will (I hope) like good children, rather mend their faults, then be angry with their maisters: if not, let them sinke in their owne sorrowe: giue the *Mad-man* his *Mad-Cappe*, and the *Foole* his *Fooles-Cappe*: thou and I be friends, and the world fare as it list. And so farewell.

Thine, as his owne, MORPHORIO.

A4



*Morphorius to the Reader, in the
behalse of his friende Pasquill.*

(*)

HEE, that of late was in a Madaing fit,
Doth from a fraunzy to a folly fall:
And which is better, madde, or foolishhe witt?
I thinke as good, almost haue none at all.
Well, Sugar sweete, or bitter as the gall,
Tis Pasquills humour, so I pray you take it:
And as you like it, chuse it, or forsake it.

His meaning was, to please none but himselfe,
Nor to displease but those that well deserue it:
He doth not care, though Enny playe be else:
His dishe is drest, and hee will not Reserve it:
But to the world, for such poore diet serue it,
As are content with ordinarie dishes,
While Nicer Gullies are choakt with Cugin fishes.

When he was Madde, hee Ray'd against the knane:
Now idely fitted, fallies upon the Foole,
In hope that Doctors better wisdom haue,
Than Carpe at schollers that doe goe to schoole,
And wishe a workeman but to knowe his tooles:
For Graues-end Barge can neuer passage haue,
Till it be furnisht with a Foole or Knane.

FINIS.

PASQVILS
Fooles-Cap.

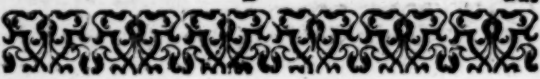
WHat meanes this world, that *Muses* can not
But one or other will be working still? (rest,
Tis notime now to breake too broad a iell;
Least, had I wist, repent a heedlesse will,
While hāmering skonces haue vnhappy
Which in their Cradles, being borne accurst, (skill-
Will euer contriue all things to the woorst.

But since the *Wisdom* of the world I finde,
Before Heauens *Wisdom*, *Foolishnesse* indeede,
While such Illusions doe the spirit blinde,
As onely growe vpon vngratious seede:
Which wicked Humours in the heart doe breede,
While truest *Wisdom* liues aboute the *Sunne*:
Let me but play the *Foole*, and I haue done.

But some, perhaps, in picuish spight will say,
The felde is large, wherein I am to walke:
Where I may wander many an idle way,
And make a deale of fiddle faddle talke:
But say, my *Muse* mistake greene *Cheese* for *Chalk*,
This is the woorst (to hide her idle braines)
She shall haue but the *Fooles-cappe* for her paines.

B

But



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

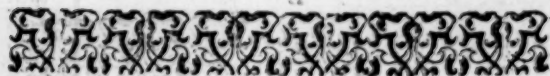
But, let her weare it, since it is her due.
Who hath no *Wisdom*, can not speake of *Wit*:
Who neuer came where *Wit* and *Reason* grue,
Must needs shoot wide, whe that they aime at it.
For, while the *Gander* by the *Goose* doth sit,
Tisten to one, how cuer prooue the weather,
But that the birds will all be of a feather,

Then, good *Wise Man*, if such a one thou bee,
That dost these lines of little matter reede,
I pray thee be not in a chafe with mee,
Although a *Jade* be spurred till hee bleede:
Keepe thou thy *Stable* for a better *Steele*:
Who hath beene well brought vp in *Reasons* *Schoole*,
May haue the patience to goe by the *Foole*.

But, if it be, you can not goe along;
But that you needes will stumble at a strawe;
If that your selfe will doe your selfe such wrong,
To let the *Worme* vpon your *Wits* to gnawe,
Vntill a *Crowe* be come to be a *Dawe*:
Then do but thinke how some this leaſt will ſmother;
Why ſhould one *Foole* be angry with another?

Then be not angry, let the *Foole* alone;
Except thou be a bird of his owne broode:
For truſt it true, it will be ten to one,
If once thy heade be couerd with his *Hoode*,
It will ſo heare thy brames, and ſtaine thy bloode,
That thou wilt fall into ſuch Extasies,
As while thou liuſt, thou neuer wilt be wiſe.

Beware



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Beware therefore in time of *Had I wist*,
Let not *Impatience* shewe thy picuifhnesse:
Keepe thy *Conceit* within *Discretions* Liit:
Where thou maiest looke vpon that Idlenesse,
That fills the world too full of Foolishnesse:
Seeke thou to knowe but where true wit doth dwell,
And learne to laugh at *Fooles*, and all is well.

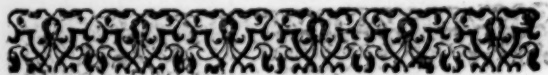
And if thou chaunce to meete an idle Mate,
Whose tongue goes all too glibbe vpon the seare,
And chiefe delight is so much in his prate,
As where hee comes, will be chiefe Prater there:
In friendly kindnesse tell him in his eare,
That in the *Rules of Wit* and *Reasons* schoole,
He will be counted but a prating foole.

And if you hap to light vpon a *Gull*,
That is conceipted of his Mother wit,
And doth apply his beetle-headed scull
But to an humour of an idle fit;
In honest kindnesse let him heare of it,
That in the *Rowles of Wisdomes* Rules you reede,
Lesse hope of him, than of a *Foole* indeede.

And if you chaunce to see the *Sonne of Pride*
Looke fiftene thousand mile about the Moone,
And lye abedde vntill his idle hide
Must make a Morning, of an after-noon;
For feare his Worshipp should be vp too soone:
Least that the *Ayer* should happe to doe him harme,
Lend him the *Fooles-cappe* for to keepe him warme.

B 2

And



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

And if you chauce to spy a *Subtill Slane*,
That hath a world of Simple wits beguilde,
And, like a cunning cogging, coofening knaue,
On others harmes, his helpes doth onely builde,
Tell him that *Sathan* is a subtill childe:
That while the *wicked* golde for drosse doe sell,
Makes Fooles seeme wise, vntill they come in hell.

Hee that doth murder twentie thousand men,
And sacke their cities, and their townes deface;
And, with the dash but of a wicked Penne,
Bring a poore world into a pitious case,
To gaine himselfe a kinde of *Monarches* grace:
Tell him what Angels read in *Vertues* schoole,
That bloody *Pride* doth breede a hellish Foole,

Hee that doth couet more then is his owne,
And scrapes and scratcheth for a little drosse;
And, all with ease is like a Bladder blowne,
And neuer cares for any neighbours crosse,
For his owne gaine, to giue a thousand losse:
Tell him, when *Wisdomes* beates the world about,
The Foole will quickly lay the Miser out,

The swaggring *Huffscappe* that will stare and sweare,
That hee will cut through the whole piece of cloath;
And face to face, will meete the olde blinde Beare,
And breake the Canne, that's filled vp with froath,
And cares not how he throwe away an oath:
Let him be sure when *Vertues* Honours fall,
In *Wisdomes* Court, he hath no place at all,

The



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

The sneaking *Coward* that doth closely creepe,
And feareth euery shadowe where hee goes:
And of himselfe both watch and warde doth keepe,
For feare his Friends should growe to be his Foest
Doth so much title of true *Manhoode* lose,
That hee may reade what *Truthe* in honour tries,
A *Coward* neuer can be truly wise.

The Idle *Spendsbrift* that will sell his land,
To feede the humours of an addle head:
And sows his seede vpon the barren sand,
Till late *Repentance* liue to begge his bread,
Let him beleue what many a one hath read:
How euer *Fancy* make excuse for it,
Such *Had I wist* had neuer happy wit.

Hee that doth thinke that *Wis* is but in *Wealth*,
And plots to purchase kingdomes with a *Purse*,
And neuer thinketh of the *Spirits* health:
But doth his heart with wicked humours nurse,
And for a blessing, falles vpon a curse:
Let him confesse, if in heau'ns blessings blot,
Hee finde himselfe a wicked *Foole*, or not.

Hee that lookes Babies in his Mistres eyes,
And beates his braines to tell an Idle tale:
And thinkes himselfe, that hee is wondrous wise,
That breakes a least, though it be nere so stale:
And for a *Nut*, crackes nothing but a *Shaler*:
How ere hee thinke of his owne wit amisse,
*Wisdom*e will tell him, what a *Foole* hee is.

B 3

Shee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

She that is neither Noble, faire, nor wise,
Nor scarce so rich as a newe thorned *Eare*;
And yet, conceited in her owne soule eyes,
When shee is dabbled three foote in the deawe,
That shee may seeme a prettie handsome shrewe:
Let her not thinke, but such a *Shut the doore*
I shalfe a *Foole*; and if she be no more,

Hee that hath neither *Trueth* nor *Honestie*,
Good hand, good legge, good body, nor good face,
Nor any such exceeding qualitie
As may aduance him vnto *Honours* place:
Yet, thinkes himselfe a man of speciall grace;
When mad-men treade the *Woodcockes* Morris daunce,
Giue him the *Fooles-cappe* for his Cognisaunce,

Shee that is fiftene mile about the waste,
And all with fat vnable is to goe,
Yet makes her face vp in a piece of paste,
As though she were an Image of *Rie Dowe*;
Tell her but trueth that *VV* and *Reason* knowe,
That this is all, that *Fame* doth her affoorde,
A filthie *Owle* is but a foolish Birde,

Hee that doth hit vpon a printed booke,
And findes a name there fitting to his owne,
And of his owne poore wit hath vnderooke
The ground of all bath from his humor growne,
When euery Bird is by her feather knowne,
Pasquill doth tell him that poore *Aesops* Pie
Will shewe him how his *Wit* hath gone awry.

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that doth marry, all for *Wanton love*,
And hath no *Reason* for his fond affection;
But all too late doth with *Repentance* prove,
The wofull fruites of wretched *wits* direction,
While *Want* and *Sorrowe* are the *Soules* correction:
Tell him, such babies may the duggie goe sucke;
While louing *Fooles* haue neuer better lucke,

Shee, in a glasse, that sees her *Sorrell* haire,
And straight will put it to the *Painters* die,
And then doth thinke that there is wondrous faire;
When flattery feedes her humour with a *Lie*;
Oh, let her not in such an errour die;
But bid her kindly cracke this friendly *Nur*,
So foule a *Dowd* is but a foolish *Slur*,

Hee that delights to tell an idle tale,
Vpon the prattle of a cogging *Mate*,
And carelesly his credit leaues to sale;
Which being noted for his foolish prate,
He shall be sure to finde, although too late,
That *Wisdom* reades these *Rounds* in *Reasons* schooles;
Newes-Carriers are next Neighbours vnto *Foolery*.

She that doth file her tongue for *Eloquence*,
To entertaine a world with idle talke:
And thinks shee hath the very *Quintessence*
Of quicke conceite, wherein her wits do walke;
Yet doth not knowe a *Buzzard* from a *Hawkes*
Let her beleue, such giddie headed *Tittes*,
Are not commended for the truest *Wittes*,

B 4

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that doth loue to talke of *Robin Hood*,
Yet neuer drewe one *Atrowe* in his *Bowe*;
And yet doth thinke his skill is wondrous good,
That scarce the compasse of a marke doth knowe:
When such a *Goose-cappe* doth a shooting goe,
Tell him, that in the aime of *Wisdomes* eye,
Wide handed *Wits* will euer shoote awry.

Hee that doth put his state vpon his friends,
In hope of grace, when all his good is lost,
Shall finde his *Wit* not worth two puddings endes,
When want of pence to reckon with the *Hoste*,
Doth make the *Begger* chalke vpon the poste:
Whose base condition doth too plainly showe,
Hee was not wise, that plaide the *Woodcocke* so.

Shee that doth thinke, shee hath a rare conceite,
That giues the *Cuckee* to her kindest friend;
And laughes to thinke vpon that close deceit,
That doth but breede *Repentance* in the end:
Tell her, if she the sooner not amend,
Wisdom sets downe, that knows what *Wit* doth meane,
A wicked *Drabbe* is but a foolish queane.

He that that is proud of his conceived wit,
When he can cogge, and cozen, prate, and lies;
And place himselfe with better men to sit,
Then may besee me so base a *Rascaldry*,
As is too farre from thought of *Chynalry*,
When euery *Ass* his due reward shall haue,
The *Foole* cappe is too good for such a *Knaue*.

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that in heart doth say there is no *God*,
And neither thinkes of *Heau'n*, nor yet of *Hell*;
Nor hath a feeling of that heau'nly *Rodde*,
That makes the *Soule*, in *Sorrowes* teares, to tell
How *Mercie* doth within the *Spirit* dwell:
Within the booke of *Wisdomes* blessed *Schools*,
The Lord of *Heauen* hath set him downe a *Foole*.

Hee that will lende more than he well may spare,
And he that spendes all that he hath and more;
And onely trusteth vnto *Fortunes* share,
And cares not how he runne vpon the score,
Vntill the *Begger* meete him at his dore:
Wisdome will tell him truely in the end,
Hee is a *Foole* that is not his owne friend.

Shee that can looke as mildely as a *Lambe*,
Yet is a *Tigre* inwardly in heart;
And cares not how, nor where she leaue the *Ramme*,
When she hath gotten once the rutting parte:
It is a Rule, in *Wis* and *Reasons* Arte,
That she, that hath no better natur'd *Wis*,
The *Wise* will tearme a dogged foolish *Tis*.

Hee that is brought vp idly in his Youth,
And scornes to labour in his elder yeeres,
And neuer thinkes vpon the day of *Ruthe*,
When want (entangled in the *Beggers* breers)
The heauie sound of helpelesse *Sorrowe* heares:
Let him beleeeue, that *Trueth* doth plainly wright;
The *Fooles-cappe* fits the *Idle begger* right.

C

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that can plot a world of villany,
And neuer cares what *Virtues* loue deserueth;
And sortes himselfe with wicked company,
That from the way of perfect *Wisdomes* swarueth,
While *Mercies* hand the gracious heart preferueth:
That sinfull wretch will finde in *Sathans* schoole,
A damned villaine is a cursed *Foole*.

Hee that doth fill his Cophers full of Goulde,
Yet will not weare good Cloathes on his backe:
But doth a kinde of Clownish humor houlde,
To haue his Garment cut out, like a sacke,
And thinkes *Redde Herings* haue a daintie sinacke:
Tell him in kindenesse (that he may not quarrel)
The *Fooles-Cappe* will be fit for his *Apparrell*.

Shee that is giuen to *Ease* and *Sluttishnesse*,
And trifles out the time in *Trompery*:
And yet will thinke it is no pieuishnesse,
To feede her selfe with Idle *Foppery*;
May hap to finde in *Sorrows* Misery,
That when the *Grasshopper* doth leaue to sing,
An idle *Holding* is a foolish thing.

Hee that doth studie twentie things at once,
And hath intent for to performe them all:
And yet his beetle addle-headed skonee,
In full conclusion can doe none at all:
If that the *Fooles-cappe* to his fortune fall,
Let him not thinke but it will finely fit.
The Idle heade, that hath no better *Wit*.

Shee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Shee that is giuen to *Pride* and *Brauerie*,
And *Ruffin*-like, will sweare, and swash it out;
And studies nothing els but *Knauery*,
To bring a wicked kinde of world about;
And cares not whome shee followes with a flout:
Such foolish *Kittes* of such a skittish kinde,
In *Bridewell* booke are euery where to finde.

Hee that is here to day, yonderto morowe,
And cares not how hee raungeth here and there:
Nor careth what hee can or begge, or borowe,
To spende or spoile, hee cares not how nor where:
Oh, tell that Idle Fellowe in his eare,
If that hee doe not take the greater care,
The *Foole* will catch him, ere hee be aware.

Shee that doth loue to gossippe, and to tattle,
And leaues her house to keepe it selfe alone;
And cares not how shee spend the time in prattle,
Till shee haue bar'd her *Husband* to the boane:
Let her not thinke but such an Idle *Joane*
Must haue this note set downe vpon her name;
A *Tattling housewife* is a foolish Dame.

Hee that can combe his head and curl his bearde,
And set his *Ruffes*, and weare his *Cloake* in print,
And by his side can finely weare his *swearde*,
And learn to fleere, and leere, and looke a squint,
And keepe his steppes, within a measures limit:
Let him be sure to passe with this good flout;
Hee lackes the *Fooles-Cappe* yet to set him out.

C 2

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that is well in service entertainde,
And iustly hath the due of his desart;
And by his labour, findes that hee hath gainde
The carefull comfort of an honest heart;
Yet fondly will with such a Master part:
Tell him, what *Truthe* doth by *Experience* knowe;
Hee is a *Foole*, leaues such a Master, so,

Hee that will let his *Wis* to runne on Wheels,
And in proud tearmes will with his betters stand,
Vntill his *Tongue* be tempered by his heeles,
Vntill his *Braines* haue better manners scand:
And if the *Foole* doe take him by the hand,
Bid him haue *Patience*, to endure the sounde;
That lacke of *Wis* will lay a *Foole* a ground.

Hee that in *Libels* takes delight to write,
And cares not whom hee wickedly defame;
But picuishly will shewe a baggage Spite,
To touch the *Honour* of an *Honest name*:
What shall I say, that hee is much to blame?
Yea, and so much, as for his idle vaines,
Hee well deserues the *Fooles-cappe* for his paines,

Hee that hath all his studie in the *Cloudes*,
And all misliketh every thing hee reedes:
And what the *Sunne* within her *Circle* shrowdes,
All in the height his haughty *Humour* seedes:
If hee doe chauce to light on *Herbes* for *Weedes*,
Hee is but foolish; rise he nere so soone,
That runnes in haste to ouertake the *Moon*,

Hcē



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that will *Reade*, before he learne to *Spell*;
And write a *Booke*, before he knowe a *Blot*;
And keepe a *Shoppe*, before he learne to sell;
And fall to galloppe ere hee learne to trot:
Whither such one thinke himsele wise or not;
Let him be sure that better wits doe reede,
Such *Madhead* fellows are but *Fooles* indeede.

Hee that with pleasure followes *Cards* and *Dice*,
Drinking and *wenching*, and such Idle sportes:
Vntill too late *Repentance* knowe the price
Of *Patience* passage to *Saint* *Sorrows* portes;
Whereto the *Begger* most of all resortes:
Oh let him knowe when he doth comfort lacke.
The *Begger Foole* will haue him by the backe.

Shee that doth finde her *Husband* true and kinde,
And for her wants to worke both night and day:
Yet like the *Wethercocke*, with euery winde,
Will turne her *Humour* euery idle way,
And cares not how hee fall into decay,
So shee be fedde according to her fit;
Shee is a *Baggage*, and a foolish *Tit*.

Hee that is married to an *honest wife*,
That, as her life, in loue doth holde him deare:
With whome his heart may haue a quiet life,
And, in *content*, liue many a merry yeare:
Yet leaues a *Doe* to take a *Rascall Deere*:
The fruites of *Will* doe prooue his *Wis* accurst,
That so will leaue the best, to take the worst.

C3

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that doth enuie every mans good happe,
And knowes not how to get himselfe in grace;
And layes his *Lone* but all in *Fortunes* lappe,
Whose custome is her followers to deface:
When hee is fallen into a pitious case,
Oh let him knowe, before he hang himselfe,
An envious foole is euen such an *Else*.

Shee that doth keepe an *Inne* for every *Guest*,
And makes no care what winde blowe vp her skirt,
And readie isto breake a *Chancers*ieaft,
To make a *Smocke* euen measure with a *Shirt*:
If such a one be call'd a *Foolish* flirt,
Twas not for nothing that she had her name,
When all the world is witnesse to her shame,

Hee that doth take the lawe, but as a least,
And will be hangd but for good fellowshippe,
And thinkes it nothing to be halter blest,
When from the *Gallowes* it is but a skippe:
Oh, let him not in anger hang the lippe,
If by desert this due reward hee take;
Hee was a *Foole*, that hangd for fashion sake,

He that wil weary out his friends with borrowing,
And be behoulding to an *Enemy*,
And kill himselfe with too much *Sorrowing*;
To thinke, the touch of *Treasons* villany
Should make such worke in wicked company:
Wisdome will tell him, what *Experience* tries,
That kinde of *Wit* will neuer make him *Wise*,

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that importunes an *approued friend*,
And hee that feares to speake where hee may speede;
And in beginning, lookes not to the end;
But loues to glorie in a *wicked deede*,
And will his heart with *wicked humours* feede:
These *Wits* doe shewe (that are so fitly matcht)
A *Nest of Fooles*, that *Wisdom*e neuer hatcht.

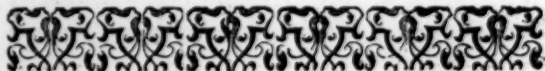
Hee that doth set his hand to euery *Bill*,
And neither cares for *Right* nor *Equitie*,
And onely bendeth his vnhappy skill,
But to the ouerthrowe of *Honesty*:
Fooles, that are so neere in affinitie,
When *Wisdom*e makes a tryall of *true Wit*,
Not one of these that hath to doe with it,

He that doth build high *Castles* in the *Ayre*,
Vntill they headlong tumble on his *neck*:
And hee that will not an olde *Shippe* repaire,
Till it be too farre tainted with a leake:
If that the *Woodcocke* giue his *Wits* the peake:
Let him not chafe if that it be his chaunce,
To weare the *Fooles-Cappe*, in a *Moris-daunce*:

Hee that can play on *Twentie hands* at once,
And turnes his humour vnto euery timé;
And hath his *Spirit* tempered for the nonce,
To set his flowers onely in the prime:
If when he thinkes most warily to clime,
By due desert a *breakneck-fall* hee haue,
His craft doth prooue him but a *Foolish knave*

C 4

hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

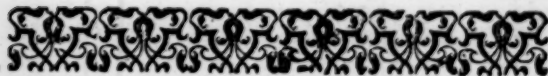
He that will talke of euery thing hee knowes,
And credit giue to euery thing hee heares:
And builds his knowledge only on suppose,
Yet vnderstands not what too plaine appears:
How young orould soeuer be his yeares,
Who of his poore *Wit* giueth witnesse so;
Thinke him an *arrant Foole*, and let him goe,

Hee that doth wonder at a *Weathercocke*,
And plaies with euey feather in the winde,
And is in loue with euey *Nannicocke*;
Yet scarcely knowes an *Orange* by the Rinde:
When euey *Foole* is found out in his Kinde,
How is it possible but he should passe,
For a poore *silly simple witted Ass*?

Hee that doth thinke it is no *Wickednesse*,
To lead a young man into *Wantonnesse*:
But takes delight in all *Vngodlinesse*;
Vntil the *Heart* in *Sorrows* heauinesse,
Doe shewe the fruites of *VVils unhappinesse*;
Let that vile villaine reade in *Vertues Schooles*,
Such *wicked wretches* are *Vngrations Fooles*.

Hee that will chaunge a *Iennet* for a *Lade*,
And put his *Land* into a little *Howse*:
And, in the way where *Little VV* is doth wade,
Watch a great *Mountain* for a little *Mowse*,
And sits to feede a *Monkey* with a *Lowe*:
Where *VV* is so in *folly* ouergone,
Wisdom sayes plainly, this is small or none,

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that will put his state vpon aduenture,
And may be safe and if it please himselfe:
And hee that bindes his seruice by Indenture,
To baggage courses for a little pelfe:
If that his Shippe doe runne vpon a *Shelfe*,
Let him not thinke, but that poore *Wit* of his,
From *Wisdomes* Course, was carried quite amisse.

Hee that will creepe vnto an olde *Toyne-schoole*,
And serue a *Thatcher* for a *Bunch of strawe*,
And hee that goes to worke without his coole,
And loues to wrangle with a *man of Lawe*,
And thinkes no Birde so prettie as the *Dane*:
How ere such one be of his *Wit* conceued,
*Wisdom*e will tell him he is much deceiued.

Hee that will treade a *Measure* as he walkes,
And counterfaite *Maide Marians* countenancet
And loues to fall into those whisper talkes,
That bring poore *Wit* into a pitious traunce:
If that the *Foole* doe light on him by chaunce,
Hee must assume what *Fates* to him assigne:
I can not helpe him, tis no fault of mine.

Hee that will *Drinke* vntill his *braines be merry*,
And *Eate* vntill his *stomacke be too full*,
And *Lie a bed* vntill his *boanes be wearie*,
And *Prate so long* vntill he prooue a *Gull*:
If that such *braines* be lin'd with *Ganders wooll*,
When such *Wise creatures* put their *Wits* together,
To chuse the *wisest*, who knowes which is whether?

D

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that all day sits *blowing at a cole,*
And neuer leaues till hee *put out the fire:*
And hee that *boulds his finger in a hole,*
To please the humour of a *fond desire:*
And hee that loues to *trample in the mire:*
When these wise men together make a play,
The *Foole* will runne with all their *Wits* away.

Hee that will *in an humour leane a friend,*
And in a *furie fall upon a foe:*
While ill beginnings make as bad an end,
When poore *Repentance* doth too late beshrowe
The heedlesse *Will*, that *Wit* doth ouerthrowe:
That *Foole* must needes be turn'd vnto the List,
Emong the number of the *Had I wist.*

Hee that will *tell his secrets to a stranger,*
And play the *Coward* with an *enemie:*
Hee that will put himselfe in needelesse daunger,
To followe a *mad headed* companie:
Let him take heede a *sodaine villany*
Make him not finde in true *Repentance* Schoole,
A backward Wit lackes little of *A Foole.*

Hee that will *weare his wealth upon his backe,*
Yet in his *purse* doth scarce his dinner carry:
And hee that saies to *give his necke the cracke,*
Because he will not *for his fortune* carry:
If such a *Foole* become a *Buzzards* quarry,
When *Carelesse Will* doth shewe his *Wit* so final,
Tis not my fault, I cannot doe withall.

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that doth studie out his braines in trifles,
And misse the humour of a better marke:
And cosens his conceite with Foolish nifles,
In taking of a *Bunting* for a *Larke*,
And euery *Pibble* for a *Diamond* sparke:

Hee that doth so his *Will* to folly fit,
Doth plainly shewe he hath no perfect *Wit*.

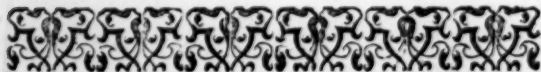
Hee that can eate no other *Meate* but *Milke*,
And for his *Horse*, must haue an *Ambling Nagge*:
And cannot weare a *Shirt*, but soft as *Silke*:
Nor keepe his *Coyne*, but in a *Golden Bagge*,
And must be knowne his *Mothers* kindest *Wagge*:
Such smoothed *Godsons* shew in *Wisdomes* schoole,
A *Milk-soppe Babie* is more halfe a *Foole*.

Hee that will be afraid of euery dreame,
And thinketh euery puddle is a poole:
And runnes ten miles to eate a messe of *Creame*,
And can not sit but on a *Cushin* stoole:
If such a *Noddy* be not thought a *foole*,
Hee hath great fauour in the Rule of *Wit*,
That sees his *Weakenesse*, and concealeth it.

Hee that doth fill his heade so full of humours,
Hee knowes not where hee may in quiet sit:
And hee that loues to raise vniuersall humours,
Vntill that *Iustice* doe in Iudgement sit,
Vpon the workes of such a wicked *wit*:
Such wicked *Wits*, for honest peoples health,
Might well be banisht from a Common wealth.

D 2

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

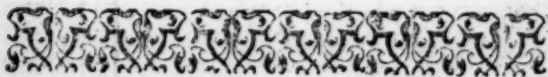
Hee that all night doth watch a Conny borough,
To catch a Ferret, that hath broke his Muzzle:
And hee that squats a Hare within a furrowe,
And sees how shee within her Muce doth Nuzzle;
And yet so long about the Bush doth puzzle,
That she is gone ere he can well beset her,
Which, of these two good Fooles, may be the better?

Hee that doth put all to the latter day,
To reckon euen with all the world at once:
And in the meane time is at such a stay,
Hee knowes not how to vse his addle Skonce:
If such an Asse be noddied for the nonce,
I say but this, to helpe his Idle fit;
Let him but thanke himselfe for lacke of Wit,

Hee that wilfully fallies into offence,
And satisfaction neuer cares to make:
But carelessly stands in his owne defence,
While that the Foole his Wits doth ouertake:
When late Repentance makes his heart to ake,
Hee scapeth well, if (for such idle vaines)
Worse then the Fooles-cappe answere not his paines,

Hee that loues to be noted for strange fashions,
And for his Stockes, and for his kinde of gate:
And in his Muscs, and his Passions,
Will not be thought an ordinany mate:
If that his Wittes come to themselues, too late,
I know not well how to be his Adviser;
But euen be sory, that hee was no wiser.

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that will hoorde vp all for a deere yeares;
Yet in the meane time want necessities:
Hee that will be vnto himselfe so neere,
As bring himselfe into extremities,
By his owne wilfull caus'd calamities,
This is the end that will fall out of it;
Such *Niggard Fooles* haue neuer better *Wit*.

Hee that doth put *his wealth* vpon a *Cocke*,
A *Card*, a *Die*, or such an Idle toy:
And hath his humour so much on the *Smocke*,
As if it were his *Spirits* onely ioy:
When *Sorrows* sighes doe shewe the heartes annoy,
Let him goe backe vnto *Repentance* schoole,
And see how long his *Wit* hath plaid the *Foole*.

Hee that will busie be with *Every matter*,
Yet scarce hath power to bring one well to passe:
And neuer leaues to cosen, lie, and flatter,
Vntill hee prooue himselfe a *Crasie Ass*:
Let him but looke in the *Foles* looking *Glasse*,
And there his *Woodcocke Wit* shall plainly haue
The true proportion of a *Paltry Knaue*.

Hee that perswades himselfe, *He is a King*,
Yet all the world doth for a *Begger* knowe him:
And hee that takes the *Winter* for the *Spring*,
Because the *Sunne* a little light doth shewe him:
If want of *Wit* doe wholly ouerthrowe him,
And that the *Cockes combe* to his *cappe* doe fall,
Tis not my fault, I can not doe withall.

D 3

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

hee that puts *fifteene* elles into a *Ruffe*,
and *seauenteene* yards into a *swagg'ring* *slappe*:
And *twentie* thousand *Crownes* into a *Muffe*,
And halfe his land into a *hunting* *Cappe*:
If that the *foole* doe catch him in his *trappe*,
There like a *Woodcocke* let him walke ab out:
When hee is in, I cannot helpe him out.

hee that in all his thoughts is *so vnholly*,
hee makes no care of any good conceight:
But giues himselfe so much to *Idle folly*,
That vnto *Hell* hee runnes the high way straight:
If hee be poysoned with the *Dinels* baight,
I can not choose but tell him like a friend,
Such wicked *Fooles* will haue a wofull end.

hee that will *Brase his face at Lothebury*,
Because he will not blush at *Knauery*:
And hee that will refuse no *Drudgery*,
To gather *Drosse* by any *Slauery*:
And yet will stand vpon his *Brauerie*:
He is no *foole*, whoeuer be an *Ass*,
Makes such a *Couer* for a looking glasse,

hee that repents him of no wickednesse,
Nor takes delight in any godlinesse:
But in the way of all *vnthriftinesse*,
Doth wast the time of *Natures* wretchednesse;
Where helpless *Sorrowes*, in *vnhappinesse*,
Doe breede the *Spirits* endlesse heauinesse:
That *foole* is in the height of foolishnesse.

hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

hee that regardes not how hee vse his speech,
Nor careth how the world doe goe about,
Normaketh reckening who beholde his breech,
Nor how hee play the *Logger headed* lowte:
Where *WV*isemen liue, if hee be beaten out,
Let him be patient, if it come to passe
A beastly *Foole* be handled like an *Asse*.

hee that doth make his *Tongue a two hand sword*,
and only seekes his *Honour* all by stealth;
and cares not how hee falsifie his worde,
Nor by how much disgrace to gather wealth:
How euer so his Carcasse be in health,
Wisdom describes him, in true *Honours* schoole,
A *Gull*, a *Knave*, a *Coward*, and a *Foole*.

hee that doth gaine more, then he well may spend,
and prattles more then *Trueth* doth vnderstand:
and in his actions, alwaies doth intend
Vpon the stay of wicked workes to stande;
If that the *Diuell* take him by the hand,
Let him beleue what highest *Trueth* doth tell;
Hee is a *Foole*, that leaueth *Heau'n* for *Hell*.

Hee that doth take a *Shadowe* for a *Substance*;
and yet doth thinke he hath a perfect sight:
and hee that takes an *Humour* for an *Instance*;
and yet beleeueth his brauiues be in the right:
Hee that in darkenesse so doth looke for light
(How euer *Will* do take his *WV*istes to schoole)
Wisdom in deede will finde him but a *Foole*.

D 4

Hee



Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that hath once a piece of worke begunne,
And knowes not how nor when to make an end:
And hee whose will his *Writers* doth ouerrunne,
To make a *Foe* in wronging of a *Friend*:
Hee that doth so amisse his *Spirit* spend,
(Howeuer so his owne conceit doe deeme him)
Wisdom in deede will but a *Foole* esteeme him,

Hee that is *Esau* for *Vnchriſtineſſe*,
And followes *Caine* in his *ungodlineſſe*:
And loues *Achitophell* for wickedneſſe,
And is a *Iudas*, in *unfaithfulneſſe*,
Whateuer ſhowe he make of *holineſſe*:
That man I finde in too much *fooliſhneſſe*,
Hath redde the *Scripture* in *unhappineſſe*.

Hee that of *Machauile* doth take instruction
To manage all the matters of his thought;
And treads the way but to his owne destruction,
Till late Repentance be too dearely bought,
Shall finde it true, that hath beene often taught:
As good be Idle as to goe to ſchoole,
To come away with nothing but the *Foole*,

For feare whereof, leaſt ſome of mine owne ſect
(That haue but plaid the *Fooles*, with lacke of *Wit*)
Doe kindly tell mee of my *Cares* neglect,
In finding humours for the time more fit:
While wicked *Spirits* doe their venome ſpit.
I will conclude (to prooue worlds *Wit* is an *Aſſe*)
Mans *Wit* is vaine, ſhalbe, and euer was.

Sapientia mundi, ſtultitia coram Deo.





Pasquils passion for the worlds waiward- nesse.

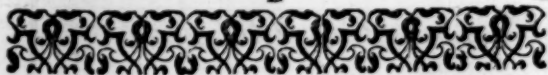
Wicked, vngratious, and vngodly *Age*, (height,
Where hatefull thoughts are gotten to their
How should my spirit in true passions rage?
Describe the courses of thy vile conceight,
That feede the world but with the diuels baight:
While wofull hearts, with inward sorrowes wounded,
Finde *Wit* and *Reason* in their sense confounded,

No, no, the depth of thy vnknownne distresse
(Wherein the heart is ouerwhelm'd with woes)
Exceedes the power of passion to expresse;
While so much griefe within the *Spirit* growes,
As all the power of *Patience* ouerthrowes;
While vertuous minds, within their fowles agrieved,
Must helpelesse die, and cannot be relieved.

The clearest eye must seeme to haue no seeing,
And *Eloquence* must be to silence bound,
And *Honours* essence seeme to haue no beeing,
Where wicked windes runne *Vertues* shippe a ground,
While healthfull spirits fall into a fwoound;
That only *Pride*, that weares the *golden horne*,
May liue at ease, and laugh the world to scorne.

E

If



Pasquils passion.

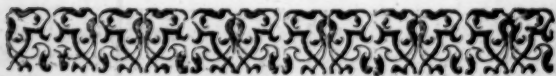
If euery right were rightly apprehended,
And *best deservings* best might be regarded,
And *Carefull workes* were to their worth commended,
And *Gratious spirits* gratiouſly rewarded,
And *wicked craft* from *Conſcience* care diſcarded;
Then might the *Angels* ſing in *Heauen*, to ſee
What bleſſed courſes on the earth would be.

But oh, the world is at an other paſſe,
Fooles haue ſuch *Maskes*, men can not ſee their faces:
There is ſuch flattery in a looking Glaſſe,
That winking eyes can not ſee their diſgraces,
That are apparant in too open places:
But what auails vnto a wicked minde?
No eye ſo cloudy, as the wilfull blinde,

To ſee the ſleight of *ſubiill ſneaking ſpirits*
(That dare not ſee the *Glaſſe* of their diſgraces)
Thriue in the *World*, while better natur'd merits
Can not aſpire vnto thoſe bleſſed places,
Where *ſaiſ bleſſe hearts* ſhould neuer ſhewe there faces:
Would it not grieue an *honeſt heart* to knowe it?
Although the *ſongue* be ſworne it may not ſhowe it.

To ſee a *horſe of ſervice* in the field,
Hurt by a *Iade*, that can but kicke and ſling:
To ſee *Vliſſes* weare *Achilles* ſhield,
While hisſing *Serpents* haue a *Helliſh ſting*:
To ſee the *Knave of Clubbes* take vp the *King*.
Although hee be a wicked helpe at *Mawe*,
T was but a *clowne* that yet deuil'd the lawe.

To



Pasqui's passion.

To see a sight of *Ciurres* worry a *Hound*,
A flight of *Buzzards* fall vpon a *Hauke*,
A *Coward villaine* giue a *Knight* a wound,
To heare a *Rascall* to a *King* to talke,
Or see a *Peasant* crosse a *Princes* walke,
Would it not fret the *heart* that doth behould it,
And yet in *figures* may not dare vnfolde it?

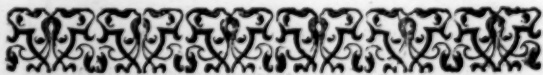
But what a kinde of *wretched* world is this!
They that are *honest*, let them be so still.
Such as are settled in their course amisse,
Haue much a doe for to reforme their will.
It is the wind that driues about the *Mill*,
That grindes the *Corne* that sometimes fils the *Sacke*,
That laide awry may breake the *Loaders* backe.

What shall I say? that knowes not what to say.
This worlds vile *Grammar* hath a wicked *speacht*
Where *Wealth* and *Will* doe carry such a sway,
That many a time the *Goodwife* weares the breech,
And the *Rowtè Oke* must yelde vnto the *Beech*.
Such vile coniunctions such constructions make,
That some are pois'ned with a *Sugar Cake*.

Terence his *Plaies* are too much in request.
The *Knave*, the *Foole*, the *Swaggerer*, and the *Whore*,
Thrafo and *Gnato*, *Lais* and the rest
Of all the crue (that I dare say no more;
But ware the *dogges* that keepe the *Diuels* dore)
So play their parts vpon the worldly *Stage*,
That *thienes* are hangd before they come to age.

E 2

Oh,



Pasquils passion.

Oh, tis a word to heare a *Gander* keake,
And all the *Geese* to giue a hittle to heere;
To heare an *Owle* to teach a *Parrat* speake,
While *Cuckoos* nores make better *Musique* deere;
Where nere a better *singing bird* is neere,
Would it not grieue a good *Musicians* care,
To be enforst to stand attentiu there?

To see a *Wise man* handled like a *Foole*,
An *Asse* exalted like a *proper man*:
To see a *Puddle* honour'd like a *Poole*,
An olde blinde *Goose* swimme wagers with a *Swan*,
Or *Siluer Cuppes* disgraced by a *Canner*:
Who wold not grieue that so the *world* should go?
But who can helpe it, if it will be so?

No, no; alas it is in vaine for mee,
To helpe the *eyes*, that ioy not in the *light*:
hee that is sworne that hee will neuer see,
Let him play *Buzzard*, with his *blinded sight*.
An *Owle* will neuer haue an *Eagles* flight;
Hee, that is once conceited of his *Wit*,
Must die of *folly*: ther's no helpe for it.

And yet good *Fooles*, that can not doe withall,
May well be borne with, for their *simple Wits*:
But *Knauish Wits*, that wicked *Fooles* wee call,
(Where *hellish Satan* with his *Angels* sits,
To worke the feates of many a thousand fits)
Those *foolish knaues*, or *knauish fooles* I meane,
I would to God, the world were ridde of cleane,

And



Pasquils passion.

And yet it is in vaine such world to wish:
There is no packe of Cardes without a *Knave*:
Who loues to feede vpon a *Sallet dish*,
Among his *Herbes* some *wicked weede* may haue.
Some men must winne, some lose, and some must saue.
Fooles will be *Fooles*, doe *wise men* what they can,
And many a *Knave* deceiue an *honest man*.

A *Curtall Iade* will shewe his *hackney trickes*,
And *Snarling Curres* will bite a man behind:
The *Blacke Thorne Shrubbe* is best knowne by his *Prickes*:
A *Kestrell* can not chuse but shewe her kinde.
Wise men sometime must wait, till *Fooles* haue din'd:
And yet, those *Fooles*, in common *Wits* conceite,
Are *Wise*, when *Wisdom* on their *wealth* doth wait.

And yet the *wealthy Foole* is but a *Foole*,
The *Knave* with all his wealth is but a *Knave*:
For truest *Wisdom* reades in *Vertues schoole*,
That there is no man happy till his *grau*.
The *Hermis* liues more quiet in his *Cave*,
Then many a *King* that long vsurpes a *Crowne*;
That in the end comes headlong tūbling downe.

Yet who so base, as would not be a *King*?
And who so fond as thinkes not hee is *Wise*?
Doth not the *Cuckee* thinke that shee can sing,
As clearely as the *Birde* of *Paradise*?
The *fonleſt Dowd* is faire in her owne eyes,
Concept is strong, and hath such kinde of vaine,
As workes strange wonders in a *Woodcocks* brain.

And

E 3.

But.



Pasquils passion.

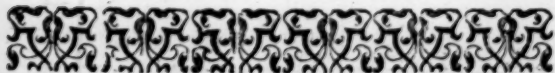
But, what should *Fancy* dwell vpon a *Fable*?
In some farre Contries, *Women* ride a-stride:
The *Foole* that in the kinde can vse his *bable*,
Shall haue *Fat meate* and somewhat els beside,
For *Wit* doth wonders vnder *folly* hide:
Yet in true *Wisdome*, all are *Fooles* approued,
They that loue *Fooles*, and *Fooles* that are beloued.

But since tis best that all agree in one,
The prouerbe saies, *tis mery when friends meete*,
It is a kinde of death to liue alone.
A lowng humour is a *pleasing sweete*.
Let *VVise men* studie on the *Winding sheete*,
And weaker *Wits* this poore contentment haue,
Tis better be a *Foole* then be a *Knave*.

And so, *good friend*, if so thou be, farewell:
I must not stand vpon the *Foole* too long;
Least that my *Spirits* so with *folly* swell,
As doe perhaps my *better humours* wrong:
And therefore thus in brieft I end my song:
The *wisest man* hath writ, that euer was,
Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.

Vanitie all, all is but *vanitie*,
Nothing on earth but that will haue an end:
Where hee that trustes to bare *Humanitie*,
Shall hardly liue to finde in *Heauen* a friend.
Take heede therefore the *Higbest* to offend:
Either learne *Wit*, where *truest Wisdome* lies,
Or take my word, thou neuer wilt be *Wise*.

And



Pasquils passion.

And therefore let the *wife* not be displeas'd,
If they be counted *Fonds* as well as other:
For, tis a plague, that hath the world diseas'd,
Sinch *sinne* became vnhappy *Natures Mother*:
And let me say but this, my gentle *brother*,
Since all is *vaine*, that liues vnder the *sunne*,
Good *wife man* beare with *Fooles*, and I haue done.

FINIS.

